
HORACE's
Allegorical Advice
TO THE
People of *Rome*.

Bought from Falkner Greison, supp. list 2, item 142

Vol. A4 p. 1903

2m 142

H O R A C E's
Allegorical Advice

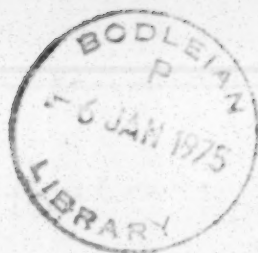
T O T H E
People of *Rome* ;
At this Time Seasonable for *England*.

B E I N G A N
E S S A Y
O N

The Fourteenth Ode of the First Book
of *Horace*.

W I T H
The Allegory explain'd.

L O N D O N:
Printed ; and Sold by R. Burleigh in Amen-
Corner. Price 3d.





Ad Rempublicam Bel-
lum Civile repar-
antem.

Hor. Ode 14.

O Navis Referent in mare te
novi

*Fluctus: O quid agis? fortiter
occupa*

*Portum. Nonne vides ut
Nudum Remigio latus,*

Et

(6)

*Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
Antennæq gemant? ac sine funibus
Vix durare Carinæ
Possint imperiosius
Æquor? non tibi integra Lintea,
Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces
malo.*

*Quamvis Pontica pinus
Sylvæ filia Nobilis,
Jactes & genus, & nomen inutile.
Nil pictis timidus Navita puppibus
Fidit; tu nisi ventis
Debes Ludibrium cave.*

Nuper

(7)

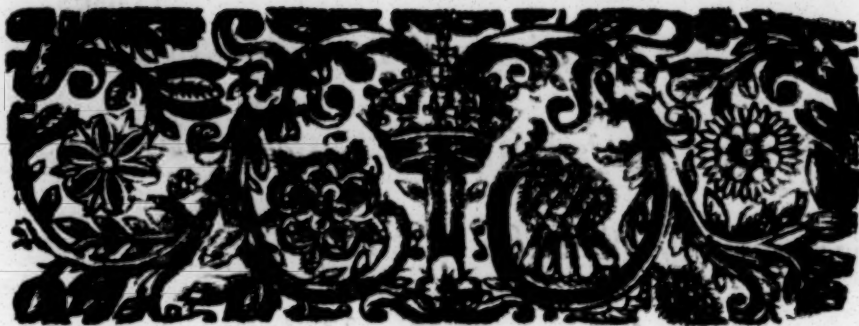
*Næper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium
Nunc desiderium, curaq non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites Æquora Cyclades.*

To

(7)

After dinner we went to the
the hospital, and saw the
the patients.
The hospital is a
very good one.

To



T O T H E
People of *Rome*.

That are going the ready Way to enter upon a fresh

Civil War.

O Ship new Billows which around thee ^{(roar}
Will drive to the Ocean from the
shore;

Oh ! what art thou a doing ? strive to keep
Thy Birth in Port nor tempt the faithless Deep.

B

Dost

(rides,
 Dost thou not see what all such Schemes de-
 That not an Oar's lash'd to thy naked Sides;
 That not a Mast erects it self on high,
 Or Yard, that does not shatter'd dread the Sky.
 Thy Keel wants Oakum and the Caulkers Aid,
 And scarce can live in Harbour if delay'd;
 Much less a more Imperious Sea sustain,
 That must break in upon thee from the Main:
 Besides thy Rags of Sails can never bear
 The least Intemperance or Gust of Air;
 Nor, cou'd they, will the Gods, again implor'd,
 Preserve thee, when thy Mast is by the Board;
 True, thou may'st boast thy self a Noble Pine,
 Sprung from the tallest of the Pontick Line,

But

(II)

But what can Name or Family perform
To make thee weather a descending Storm?
Spite of thy paint, a Sailor can discern
How thou art rack'd and torn from Stem to Stern;
Nor will he (fearful of a certain Fate)
Make one to Man thee in this wretched State;
Wherefore take care how Measures are de- sign'd,
Lest thou'rt the Jest and Sport of ev'ry Wind;
Thou that so much Anxiety has brought,
By thy past Sufferings, on my Lab'ring Thought;
And by thy present Dangers dost create
Cares that are inconceivable in Weight;

For my sake I intreat thee, and thy own,
The *Cyclades* those tempting Islands shun,
That shining afar off invite the Eye,
But surely strand the Vessel that is nigh,

THE



T H E

Allegory explain'd.

(Jars
O Common-wealth these new Intestine
Will bring about your former Civil wars;
Why do not these unnat'ral Factions cease?
Boldly preserve your late recover'd Peace.
Behold and see, what you must seeing feel,
The sad Effects of too licentious Steel;
How the drawn Sword depopulates your Land,
How *Pompey* falls by an *Ægyptian* Hand;
And

And how your Senatours and Chieftains ^{(groan}
 By Wounds that Roman Champions should ^{(disown;}
 Your Coin, the Nerves of War, is sunk or fled;
 Nor can Campaigns be long without it made;
 Especially where Hostile Feuds commence,
 Deaf to the voice of Nature and of Sense:
 Such are the Civil Heats, too fierce to last,
 Too cruel and destructive like the past;
 Nor have you Legions that remain entire,
 Nor Gods from whom Assistance to require.
 Shou'd you your Freedom by *Octavius* lose,
 And meditated Arms successless use,
 Tho' you may from Nobility of Race,
 Boast of a Right to be the first in place,

And

And over other Common-wealths preside,
 Because to *Mars* by *Romulus* ally'd ;
 What is an empty Title but a show,
 Unless by Strength you formidable grow ?
 Take heed Ambition lead you not aside,
 And make you shew your Folly in your Pride;
 You that were some time since my Griet and
 (Fear,
 And now engrois my Thoughts and all my
 (Care.
 Be not seduc'd, nor councill'd to refer
 A certain Peace, to an uncertain War,
 Nor, by delusive Arguments decoy'd,
 Be lost to Fame who might have Fame enjoy'd.

Horace



HORACE in the foregoing Ode, having compar'd the Government of Kingdoms and Commonwealths to that of a Ship, It was thought not improper to subjoyn the following Letter sent to a Friend in the Tarpawlin Dialect, which seems to be built upon old Bottom, and wrote by one not a little acquainted with Horace's Allegorical way of writing.

From Cape Sinister.

Thou knowest dear Tom with what assurance we put to Sea last April. Certainly never was Squadron better equipt upon all Accounts, than we were for our Expedition; but whether it was for want of Conduct in our Commanders, or the hand of Fate that cross'd us, Heaven only knows. Its a Melancholy Journal I send thee Tom, but such as 'tis accept it. Our Sailing Order was for the Latitude of 41; where with a smart Gale we arriv'd, when our Admiral gave the Signal for a Council of War. Accordingly the Commanders went on Board the Flag, where the Commission was broke up; by which we were order'd to make the best of our way for the Latitude of 48, there

to wait for 2 Rich Plate Fleets, under Convoy of only two Men of War the *Sceptre* and the *Crozier* : These were the same that were taken with their Convoy about 60 Years ago, when your Father and mine voted for the Execution of the Commanders, which was done. Its impossible, *Tom*, to express with what Joy we receiv'd the Account from *our* Respective Commanders ; The glorious Purchase in view banish'd all Difficulties. I cou'd think of nothing but a Coach and Six, and was impatient to be rummaging the well-stow'd Holds. We crowded all the Sail we cou'd ; but before we reach'd the wish'd for *Latitude* of 48, we met with a damn'd Storm, that drove us much against our Wills to that of 60, where we were in the utmost Confusion. Ships of Note that suffer'd most, or perish'd in the Storm, were the Young *Clodio*, a very crank Ship and that always bore too much Sail ; she overset and came Keel upwards. The *Hibernia*, a weak ill-built Ship, started a Plank and went down by our side. The *Triton*, *Sigillo* and *Bathillo*, three damn'd Worm-eaten Bitches, and as leaky as so many Sieves weather'd the Storm, but are so shatter'd, they can never be put to sea again. We lost several Ships on the Rocks of *Despair*, and few besides the *Dutch* got thro' the Bay of *Distress*. The *Latitude* of 60 is no safe Road for us : I have often heard my Father say he cou'd

cou'd never endure it, and what Course to steer we knew not; we cannot keep the Sea long, for our Ships are as old as Baskets, and move like so many Hulks, with nothing but Juries up. We intended to touch at Cape *Honesto* and refresh; but we were inform'd that the Plate Fleet was safely arriv'd there, and fresh Squadrons lye to intercept us; so that we have nothing but *Perto Diabolo* left for our relief; and they say 'tis damn'd Riding there, and the Current sets so strong in that there's no coming out. Many of your Family and mine *Tom*, have stay'd there till they have spent Stock and Block; I wish it be not our own Fate.

We are told at Cape *Sinifler*, That General *Sodom* has made just such another Campaign at Shore as we have at Sea: If so we have made a fine Kettle of Fish on't on both sides.

I am,

Dear Tom,

Thine heartily,

James Telltruth.

F I N I S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Just Publish'd

THE Grand Exemplar, set forth in an Impartial Character of his Sacred Majesty King *George*, with some Remarkable Passages of his Life; to which is added a Compleat Account of his Majesty's Inauguration, and the Declaration and Coronation Oath. Price 6 *d.* Sold by R. Burleigh in Amen-Corner.

The Respectful Behaviour of the Dissenters towards her late Majesty, the Church and the Ministry, exemplify'd from their own Writings, which may serve to stop the opprobrious Clamours of their Adversaries.

Histrio Theologicus; or the most Remarkable Passages and Transactions in the Life of the late Bishop of *Sarum* with some Extracts from his Lordship's Writings to shew the steddiness of his Lordship's Principles as well the Soundness of his Theology, inscrib'd to his Old Friend and Admonitor Mr. *L—y.*

r-
g
e;
a-
o-
h